A TROPICAL CRUISE.

Beverly Cramp Continues His Voyage Among the West Indies.

THE ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Tropic Zone. THE EARTHQUAKE AT GUADALOUPE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.

MARTINIQUE, WEST INDIES, March 28.-There is not such a thing as a wharf in all the West Indies. At most of the ports there is a good harbor and safe anchorage, but some of the islands have only open roadsteads where ships could not stop were the ses subfeet to the same conditions that prevail on the North Atlan-

But the water is as smooth as a goose pond, except in the hurricane season, which lasts from August to October, and is at its height at the time of the autumn equinox. St. Thomas, St. Christopher or St. Kitts, as the island is familiarly called "for ebort," Eustatia, Nevis, Montserrat, and some others, are simply masses of volcanic rock, without springs, rivers or any other source of water, except the rains, which must be caught before the drops touch the ground, for the bottom seems to have fallen out and no moisture remains upon the surface for more than a few moments after the heaviest rainfalls. But notwithstanding this they are gardens of the most prolific vegetation, of which one can have no idea until he has seen it. The trees seem to live upon air, as their roots are often out of the soil and eling to the rocks like creepers. The branches are covered with the most beautiful of air plants, which feed upon the atmosphere and require nothing but a place cling to while they inhale the breeze One of these air plants which Providence has provided for the comfort of man upon almost all the volcanic islands where there is no water, is a vine whose cup-like leaves are always full of the purest and sweetest liquor, refreshing and invigorating tired mortals. But a great drawback to the pleasure of existence is the multitude of eeping things that infest all the islands, reptiles, lizards, spiders and vermin o many kinds with poisonous langs. Their number is legion, and their variety is a great

A DUTCH COLONY. St. Eustatia is a Dutch colony under the protection of Holland, and looks as if a little fragment of Botterdam or Dortrecht had been dropped into the sea. The princi pal port is Basse Terrae, which was once called the Gibraltar of the West Indies, because of its formidable fortress. When the Dutch were in fighting trim it bristled with destructive guns and impregnable works, but in these piping times of peace the lizards and centipedes, and the parade ground is overgrown with underbush.

delight to the scientific bug hunters.

St. Kitts is an English colony of 30,000 or more people, nine-tenths of whom are intelligent, industrious and temperate negroes. A great difference is to be noticed in the several islands regarding the condi-tion of the blacks. In the English islands they are much sore advanced in civilization than in those under the control of France or Sp ain. The staple product of St. Kitts is sugar, and there are some fine plantations, but the island has always been unfortunate and has suffered severely from earthquakes, h urricanes and other natural

The water in this part of the sea is an intense blue—a tix t no painter has ever suc-cessfully imitated—which betokens great depth; and its teruperature is quite warm, as it catches the full influence of that myserious current called the Gulf stream. There are persons on every vessel who are willing to tell you all about it; but the wisest men, even the captain of our vessel, of whose learning we all stood in awe, con-fess that the problem so far has not only wexed but punnled science, and the theories of its origin and exists nee are simply guess-work. The boundaries of its ink-blue waters are so well defined down here that they can be easily distinguished from the rest of the sea, even by one who has no expectation of witnessing the phenome non, and in the nar-row straits where the nor thward and southward currents pass they clivide the channel with the most accurate impartiality, and the ripple which fringes the line where they meet can be at once detected.

A MYSTERIOUS ST. REAM.

The Gulf Stream has a volume of water larger than all the rivers of the world combined; deep, warm, and interestly blue, its tepid waters reluse to mingle with the rest ocean: but where it fin ds its source. and what mysterious gravitation causes its



A Bit of Tropical Beach

peaseless and mighty flow cannot be explained by man, who must, in his puny ignorance, let it be as an illustration of the wisdom, goodness and omnipotent care of the Creator, who has thus provided a perpetual warming apparatus for half the civil-

There is a splendor in the tropic sunset s unlike the Northern gloamings that we are amiliar with, that at each day's close we have a new surprise. The sun blazes away at his level best until his rim touches the porison, and then he bobs down out of sight most undignified and startling manner. There is no gradual sinking, as if to the sound of slow music, like the Northern sun goes down, but the change from noon to night is so sudden and unexpected that you feel there must be some mistake about it,

the fathomless sky, that seems in contrast THE LOLLING ROOM, with these brilliants as blue as the sea.

The world is a vast mass of shadow, sprinkled with diamonds, almost as numerous in the water as in the sky, for these tropic seas are full of these little phosphor-escent animalculæ which turn to light when agitated, and a line of pale fire like the the milky way of the heavens always fol-lowed our rudder. Each wave is tipped with a flash, so phosphorescent is the foam. The darker the night the more brilliant is Sudden Changes From Day to Night in the the phenomenon, and when the breeze is strong enough to stir the water into white caps it looks as if a shower of diamonds were falling into the ocean. The tropic moon is about the same that we are ac tomed to perhaps a little more languid, bigger and whiter, with the smutch on her face a little more conspicuous than in

Northern latitudes. After only a few days one feels the influple. You get a little of the "manana," the to-morrow tendency, yourself, and notice that the hammock you are lying in is even more comfortable than the one you have at ome. There are plenty of things you might b, things which perhaps ought to be done; you should write, or sew, or repack your trunk, but it is so much easier not to that you lie with folded hands and an abandoned ook in your lap until the bell rings for

On several of the islands under English control, coolies from India and the East Indian Islands have been introduced as laborers, to take the place of indolent and re-fractory negroes. Although one ablebodied negro can do as much work in a day as two coolies, the latter are much more inies, the latter are much more industrious and docile, and, although they get but a shilling a day, and often less, manage to accumulate money, and are as thrifty as the Chinese. They are under the protection of the Government, and the planter, when he wants help, applies to the colonial authorities. In case of disputes and trouble the Governor is the arbitrator. The planter is obliged to furnish food, shel-ter, clothing and the services of a physi-cian when the coolie is sick, and can require of them only so much labor a day.

NEVIS AND GUADALOUPE. The little island of Nevis, near St. Kitis, is famous for being the birthplace of Alex-ander Hamilton, one of the first and greatest of American statesmen, who, when a mere youth, took an active part in the establishment of the Government. He was born of Scottish parents in 1757. His father was a Scotch planter, and died when the son was yet a child. His mother did not long survive her husband, and left



Birthplace of Josephine, Martinique Alexander Hamilton an orphan in indigent

ircumstances, when he was about 15. Then e was sent to friends in New York, where in his 16th year he entered Kings College, now Columbia. The Island of Guadaloupe, which was the first land touched by Columbus upon his second voyage of discovery, in 1493, is a little Garden of Eden. The eastward half or Grande Terræ, as it is known, is low, and can scarcely be seen from the sea, but the westward island, divided from it by a salt marsh, is a massive volcanic mass which stands as one of the grandest features of the entire archipelago. The peak called Souffriere rises directly 5,500 feet above the sea, and looks much higher than it really is because of its abruptness and rugged out-lines. In shape and general formation the mountain resembles Vesuvius, being about the same altitude and covered with extinct craters, masses of lava, pumice stone, scorize and other volcanic substances. The sides of the mountain are cut into monstrous ravines and craters which show the violence of its commotions in the past centuries, but toward the edge, where lies the little port of St. Francis, it is very fertile and produces most incredible crops of sugar, coffee and other tropical products. Back of the town, upon the foot hills, are broad slopes facing the western sun, covered with fields of sugar cane and dotted with handsome estates, some of them centuries old, and embowered in

The mountain is an uncomfortable neigh-borhood, however, and the people live in perpetual terror of earthquakes and erup-It was in 1843 that the last great convulsion occurred, which was one of the most frightful on record. The town of Point-a-Petri, the capital of the island until that time, and one of the most populous and prosperous cities in the West Indies was entir ely destroyed. Five thousand people perished instantly, and as many more died of injuries afterwards. There have been gentler shakes in later years, often enough to keep the people in a state of apprehen-sion, and old Souffriere is always in an ugly and uncertain state, vomiting volumes of pumice stone and ashes at times, and almost always breathing much smoke and

mangoes, bananas, tamarinds and palms.

sulphurous vapor. GATHERING LIMES. It was on the island of Guadaloupe that the Carrib Indians had their stronghold in the days of the Spanish conquest, and here their king or cacique lived, whose power and ability are described in Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus." This tribe, like the rest of the aborigines, is almost exterminated, and the remnant, consisting of a few people, is located in the mountains of Dominica, living in huts, cultivating little gardens, and making baskets, which are sold throughout the West Indies. All the islands in this group are favorable to fruit to the greenhouse, for the light and sunny warmth of the room made it an admirable adjunct to the greenhouse. products, but the best are not suitable for shipment, and decay upon the trees. Lime juice and citric acid are produced in large quantities, and are a profitable source of revenue. There are extensive lime orchards The trees are on nearly all the islands.

a year. Boys and girls gather the limes as they drop from the branches, and carry them to the mills, where they are crushed be tween heavy mahogany rollers. The junce runs into pans and is then boiled down in iron kettles to a consistency of syri up, when casks are filled and shipped to Eur ope where they are sold at from \$100 to \$150 each. Another source of revenue is the cultivation of cloves, cinnamon, nut-megs and spices. The hurricanes often de-vastate the plantatious, destroy the shipping

small and thickly planted and require little attention except in keeping the under-growth cleared away. They bear two crops

in the harbor, and ruin in a few hours the labor of years.

The 1 sland of Martinique is, in some respects, the most interesting of the whole group, and more delightful than the others se a mental promise that you the phenomenon more closely the mae.

rise is the same, as sudden and as any in the phenomenon more closely the morning sun; no blush, no rosy rays, aling up from the east to herald in the f, but the sun jumps out of the darkness over the waters, when suddenly it is broad any. It weems as it does in the theat herald in the flux ment upon the scene. One moment it is dark, with the stars much brighter than they ever are at home; the next there is a flush earn is blazing fercely at you, every star is gone, and the tropic day has beginned to the wrong way and gorges appear in the wrong way and gorges appear in the most unaccountable | laces. Mountains have gone of the process within, placards as the Front Davis, that would not conversely the most unaccountable | laces. Mountains have gone may the processor within placards as the Front Davis walness of the converse of the control of the processor of the control of the sun is blazing fercely at you.

14. There is no aurora lighting up or there is, no blush, no rosy rays, aling up from the cast to herald in the specific provided in the figure that he water's edge. As the vessel rounds the Square, her companions are towers of St. Pierre appears in view and George, and her choir the birds and bells. Her room is the width of the house, and her room is the width of the house, and her room is the width of the house, and her choir the birds and bells. Her room is the width of the house, and her room is the width of the house, and her room is the width of the house, and her room is the width of the house, and her room is the width of the house, and in the mountain magnificence. Here the great rock, are pilently morning and in the mountain magnificence. Here the great rock, are pilently morning and in the mountain magnificence. Here the great rock, are pilently morning and in the mountain magnificence.

10. Dos your pilently morning the will and be gone the wild in the room is the wild of the room has an oval sweep, and is wainscoting is built out for a prolo uged stay. As the steamer ap-proaches the first land visible is the lofty

Lovely Little Nests Built in the Tops of New York Houses

WHERE WORRIES CANNOT ENTER.

Places Where Society Leaders Can Enjoy Genuine Privacy.

MRS. MORGAN'S MADISON SQUARE EYRIE

The indifference of people out of town to the advantages of situation is always a cause of surprise to people who spend their lives ence of the climate, and is somewhat more tolerant of the lassitude he sees in the peoseem to have no meaning in the country. I have seen stately mansions built with walls scarcely pierced toward the eastern sun, and the living rooms bravely breasting the north and west winds, while the owners were absolutely unconscious that they had thrown away what other people would spend high

On the other hand people who live in detached houses can have no idea how city people manoeuver for light and air. Money can't give a man the sun on all sides of his house. Mr. Jay Gould with all his millions can't get it. None of the Vanderbilts has it. The ingenuity with which architects in-sert niches and break up walls, in order to get little openings into which the sun may peep for a few minutes each day, is pathetic. The sky in town is a coveted sight. How few of us ever see more than a narrow strip and that at the risk of an aching neck. The wonderful pageant of the heavens is almost effaced through the tyranny of bricks and

A POPULAR APARTMENT.

How tired nerves sigh for and prize the sky's reposeful depths. I know of a house retained when the march of progress had gone further up town, because from an invalid's couch could be seen nothing of the town but Grace Church's slender spire, its circling birds and the wide eanopy of the

The introduction of the elevator into private houses has set about a movement that is fast gaining force in fashionable life and which includes all these. Heretofore the top floors have been practically unknown regions; hither tend the furniture when it omes shabby, and the insignificant members of the family and the poor relations climb to sleep. There the servants roam at will. But the elevator has obliterated the stairs and the result has been not only the

rescue, but the apotheosis, of the top floor.

It is now the most popular and the most exclusive part of the house. The mistress as entered it and shut the door. Guests who visit the drawing room may never be considered worthy to be received on the top floor. A visit there is a seal of intimacy; it implies all manner of distinguished qualities, of being what Dr. Johnson would call a "clubable fellow," regardless of sex.

To be more specific, the demands of social life on every New York woman are so greated that her beautiful and the second services of the second servi that her physical and nervous constitution demands a place where she can retire and pull herself together, a place where she can shut out the distractions of her household, where the sound of the door bell does not reach her, and where she is spared the pain of hearing her servant aver she is not at home. It is such a retreat the top floor gives There she can repair in the morning in neglige, and can lie on a couch in the blazing sunshine; she can toss a book on the floor, leave it lie, and can enjoy unabashed the fascinating confusion of things out of place. This abandon is also delightful to e of her intimates who may come to tell her how sweet is solitude from out of the depths of divans and cushions. There they may gossip over tea, without fear of inter raption or amuse themselves with whatever may be the fashiouable diversion of the mo-

In brief, it is a place where one can be one can enter unasked, not even the husband of one's bosom downstairs or the babes

about the knee on the lower floor.

Such are the possibilities of the "lolling room, 'as a man has named it, although every woman does not exact all that the room is prepared to give. The late Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan had the first of these rooms. Mrs. Morgan was not a woman of fashion, but her decorators carried the news and her great wealth and manner of spend what she did and what she had matters of interest.

MRS. MORGAN'S EXRIE.

Mrs. Morgan's home was on North Madison Square, a block that some compact of ownerships has preserved from the clutches of trade. From the eyrie that Mrs. Morgan chose for herself she had before her the park in all its loveliness; her nearest neigh-bors were the birds in the treetops. For her the sun painted pictures in the sky each evening, and during the day for her enter-

the training the day for her enter-tainment was the ever varying panorama of Fiith avenue and Broadway.

The room was the width of the house, the usual hall bedroom being an alcove thrown into the main room. The three windows were united by a long divan nearly the eight of the window sill, and so wide that Mrs. Morgan could lie at ease propped up by cushions, bathe in the sunshine that all day flooded the room and realize the delights of oriental luxury in depths of silk and down. The windows that gaze onto the park were in stainless glass, the design being wrought out in the leads.

The hard wood floor was strewed with magnificent rugs; the walls were wainscoted a man's height, and the roof ceiled with American butternut polished like satin. Between these two the wall space was hung in raw silk. There was but little elaboration, the panels had only slight relief and the carving was scarcely more than an ac-

The room also served Mrs. Morgan for a water color room, and here she brought those of her most precious works of art she wanted to enjoy silently. Instead of an in-timate friend, a dainty repast and an in-spiring cup of 'ca, Mrs. Morgan would have some painting brought up and placed on an easel, and when its presence had become too familiar, some other work of art or object took its place. In this manner a woman, all of whose wealth would not purchase an hour of health, prolonged and refined her

pleasures. A PLEASANT RETREAT.

The region around Stuyvesant square is one of the most picturesque parts of the towa. St. George with its towers, a really imposing mass, rears above the pleasant garden with its splashing fountains, and Second avenue, which is one of the noblest streets in town, cuts the garden in twain.
The spot is also dignified by some of the handsomest private residences in town. handsomest private residences in town. Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant occupies one corner; a block below is the capacious residence of Senator Evarts; on the upper corner is the

by niches. These are arranged to hold some object of art, rare vase with flowers or a few shelves for the most companionable booksfor nothing is introduced into such a room for mere form. Above the wainscoling forms a shelf on which are placed objects of art and rare plates. These in effect form a frieze, for the wainscoting is high, against a background of old Spanish leather which in centuries past didservice in some chateau in Spain.

This wainscoting, I should have said, for it is a distinctive seature, encloses the doors on each side and the mantel. The wood is on each side and the mantel. The wood is French walnut and the same wood is used in the ceiling beams which are exposed. Between these the plaster has been decorated in color. The floor is hard and strewn with ruga. In such a room a woman carries her own individuality. No room is complete until the personal touch is given. This the most accomplished architect and decorator cannot counterfeit. Here, consequently, one must leave what cannot but be the most

attractive element of the room.

In Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's house this room was originally called the sewing room, for parlors, boudoirs, sitting and living rooms had been exhausted in the organization of the house before the top floor was reached. But the business of sewing is carried on elements and this room is dedireached. But the business of sewing is carried on elsewhere, and this room is dedicated to hours of familiar ease. Its fitting up is a suggestion from the domestic architecture of England, and more directly from Haddon Hull, that famous historic pile in which Cromwell put on such frills and aped the aristocracy. The room is wainscotted high in pine, and is merely a succession of small squares row on row. The wood is pine painted Tuscan red and brought to an eag shell closs. The mantel is copied an egg shell gloss. The mantel is copied from one in Haddon Hall, and has fire facings of Carlisle stone with an overhanging mantel panelled as the wainscotting. The wood is carved in pilasters above the wainscotting and is apparently used to support the cross beams, which make squares that are plastered and painted old gold. This room catches all the sun of the east and the sun of the south, which includes also the western sun and the panorama of the sun-set. Immediately joining this room is au-other that is used as a conservatory, and through sliding doors this room of lively cheerful red obtains a fascinating vista of

THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.

The character and disposition of the room is disclosed in its furniture. It contains ab-solutely nothing but divans, ottomans, cushions and low tables. None could be more elequent of the delights of a "lolling" room. But it must be confessed that these rooms sometimes have a more bracing air. It is here that the ladies' committees meet, and the committee is an important element in a fashionable woman's life as an assem-bly or the Patriarchs' ball. Indeed, if the walls of these luxurious treats could speak they would probably reveal nothing more genuinely humorous, and in every way en-tertaining, than the doings of the ladies'

The most complete advance vet made in this upward movement for light and air has been made in the new home of Mr. Ogden Mills, the son of Mr. D. O. Mills, the Californian. Mr. Mills' house is on Fifth avenue and Sixty-ninth street, and overlooks the Central Park. To live on this park is a happy lot, if one doesn't mind the malaria, and has faith that it will yet be properly drained. But Mr. Mills has lifted himself above the evening dews and damps, and can enjoy to his fill those acres of lawn and wood, which he has not to keep shorn and trimmed, and those miles of drives and walks which he has not to sprinkle and keep clear of snow. The lower floors of Mr. Mills' house are in fact state apartments. Here may be the balls and formal banquets; the living rooms are on the top floor. There is repeated in a familiar way all the details of the lower floor. In front is the living room, the entire width of the house, which occupies two city lots. This room is in French walnut and after designs of the renaissance. Behind it is the dining room—and in attendance on it the butler's pantry, kitchen, and everything that may render it independent of the rest of the house. This, it seems, gives to city life, a life of brick and mortar, its most ideal aspect. It enhances the value of wealth and commends it wholesomely. The roar of the streets is afar, and above all are the delights of privacy, the bosom of the family is no longer mythical.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SANCTUM. Touching this same subject there is a growing custom, and which is considered as one of the educational influences of the day, to give the young girl of the house a sanctum on the top floor. For this the elevator is not necessary, for her legs are active and strong, as nine out of ten her mother's are not. Into this room no one enters without her permission. Here, if she so chooses, she may have a frieze of her favorite actors' photographs, here she may practice with likewise enterprising friend the fragrant cigarette, here she may essay poetry and trifle in art. Here her reading is practically unrestricted. It was in such a den that the daughter of a strictly orthodox house made the acquaintance of "Robert Elsmere," which a friend puts in as evidence

In such a room a girl's individuality de velops and if there are any warning signs, they will eventually appear more openly, and in time for check or reproof, and they will occur under the parental roof. A very pretty example of such a room bewill eventually appear more openly,

of the unqualified freedom of a young girl's

longs to a young girl who must be nameless. It is what is known as a hall bedroom on the top floor. Her taste in photographs in-clines to royalty, and here she enjoys the company of the most interesting of the crowned heads of Europe. Around the room as a frieze are Raphael's "Hours," a frieze broken on one side by that quaint fantasy of Church, a nummy's head smelling a rose, and on the other by Giotto's head of Dante. The furniture has been espec-ially designed for the room. Here are her books and everything that is most dear to her. In the window is a window seat, and beneath it is a locker for further treasures. To insure her greater privacy, in the lower hult of the sash is the royal entrance of Queen Elizabeth into a castle courtyard, a splendid piece of color in stained glass and filtered through this is the more prosaic

aspect of the street.

Here this young girl reigns supreme. Sometimes she receives visits from other members of her family. But she is always notified in advance that no undue liberty may be taken of her privacy. MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

OKLAHOMA HOTEL RULES.

Directions Which Transfert Guests Are Required to Observe Faithfully. Philadelphia North American. 1

1. If the bugs are troblesome you'll find the kloroform in a bottle on the shelf. 2. Gents goin' to bed with their boots on

will be charged extra. 3. Three raps at the door means there is a murder in the house, and you must get up. 4. Please rite your name on the wall paper so we know you've been here.

5. The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.

6. If that hole where that pain of glass is out is too much for you, you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stuff in it.
7. The shooting of a pistol is no cause for

8. It you're too cold, put the oil cloth over your bed.
9. Caroseen lamps extra; candles free, but 9. Caroseen lamps extra; candles free, but they mustn't burn all night 10. Don't ture off the wall paper to lite your pipe with. Nuff of that already. 11. Guests will not take out them bricks

in the mattress.

12. If it rains through that hole overhead, you'll find an umbreller under the bed.

13. The rats won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face. 14. Two men in a room must put up with

15. Please don't empty the sawdust out of 16. Don't kick about the roches. We don't charge extra.

17. If there's no towel handy, use a piece of the carpet.

STUDY OF MANKIND As It Appears to Bessie Bramble at

a Southern Health Resort.

THE BOARDING HOUSE AUTOCRAT.

Business Men and Politicians Who Suffer From Inactivity.

CLERGY WHO QUARREL OVER CRUQUET

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. AIKEN, S. C., April 25 .- "The proper study of mankind is man," is one of the noted sayings of the old poet of Strawberry Hill. This being true, no justification is needed for talking about, moralizing over and writing up the subject of mankind as shown and to be known at winter resorts in the South. Men made immortal by their brains and power to grasp this great subject -Man-have bequeathed much knowledge to those of to-day as a groundwork for observation and text books for study, but there is nothing like the school of experience for getting the most profound, interesting and amusing comprehension and appreciation of the subject. "Man," says Pascal, "is the glory and scandal of the universe. It is beneficial that he should be sensible not only of his glory, but of his

In his progress through life and by virtue of education, environments and circum-stances he becomes possessed of opinions, prejudices, sentiments, habits, thoughts and manners that make him a pleasant com-panion or an intolerable bore; a delightful riend or a veritable Dr. Fell; a cheery, friend or a veritable Dr. Fell; a cheery, bright, jolly good fellow, or a cold, sour, snarling ill-mannered creature, who, as God made him, must pass for a man; an honest, true, sincere, noble-hearted being who inspires love, or a selfish, cruel, cross-grained creature held in contempt by his fellows. All of these sorts and conditions of men are to be found among the travelers who spend the winter under the Southern sun in pursuit of health, novelty, time-killing, or to follow the fashion. follow the fashion.

THE PASSING SHOW. Everywhere are to be found the materials Everywhere are to be found the materials that give play and spice to wit and humor: that give depth to sympathy and pathos; that wake to vigor the noblest sentiments and emotions; that furnish the finest touches of both tragedy and comedy, and, peahaps, no place forms a better stage for the scenes than the resorts where people go for a good time and to let themselves loose from the restraints of business, to relieve themselves of the wearying grind of every day routine, and to give themselves up for the time being to the pursuit of laziness and the study of their fellow creatures, their self delusions, eccentricities, inconsistencies, differions, eccentricities, inconsistencies, different ways of thinking, different standpoints for opinion, and their divers and wonderful methods of expressing thought in the Enclick learness.

People go to the summer resorts for rest and the enjoyment of a good time in the glowing days of midsummer, but the winter resorts are chiefly frequented by seekers after health, by invalids who find in Southern climes a refuge from the rigors, snows and storms of Northern winters, or by peo-ple of wealth who, by potent power of money, make all the year a summer of pleasure and delight.

Here are to be met men broken down by stress of over-worked brains, neglect of the essential requirements for physical health, and retired out of "the swim" to engage in a fight for life; men who, having secured a competence in well placed investments, propose to enjoy the cream of life and the sunshine of prosperity; clergymen who have worn out their throats in dispensing the Gospel to "miserable sinners," and by generous leave of absence are engaged in re-pairing their shattered energies, and in the

TO SECURE FRESH VOICES

and new power of lungs to fill their pulpits as of old; scholars who, to economize time, have burned the candles at both ends, and then found themselves the prey of nervous prostration, and condemned to spend weary months in recruiting health and toning up their nerves; politeians who have worn the selves out in working for their candidates and downing the friends of the opposition, and then, when the fruits of victory are won, they turn to ashes, for with strength wan-ing, health wasted, the shroud and pall in view, the knell in hearing, they know the game grows desperate, and that they must fall out of the procession, and let the vic-tors pass on with palms of rejoicing, while they retire into the obscurity of the invalid brigade, and seek solace for their sorrows in

ps and tonics. Here is to be seen a valiant Republican leader who has had to sink his ambitions, give way and play to lesser men, resign the rod of empire and endure the pangs of seeing the wrong men reaping the fullest sheaves, while he is laid on the shelf, as it were, where his main thought is as to his his chief effort is confined to a walk of half a square with feeble steps and slow, and where he spends the long, long, weary days in monotonous twaddle and mournful retrospective. Gruel, tea and toast, bread and milk, replace the canvas back and champagne of the many days agone, and the junkets and banquets that gave zest and crown to the enjoyment of festive hours "ayout the twal" have given way to the decorous game of whist and then to bed with the chickens. It is not to be wondered at that he sits in his easy chair and looks forth into space sadly, that the furrows on his face grow deeper, that his rows on his face grow deeper, that his smiles are ghosts of gayety and that melan-choly has marked him for her own.

CLERGYMEN AND CROQUET. The clergymen who are laid by for repairs voice and throat, and for the restoration and renewal of power and unction always play croquet. In the maintenance of piety and ministerial decorum they frown upon whist and billiards, but they go at croquet with religious fervor, and squabble over the play like a lot of small boys over a game of marbles. Nobody can realize how true it

"Men are but children of a larger growth" until he sees the brethren of the cloth play eroquet when away from home for their health.

Another style of man to be found at health esorts is the man of affairs, who has been compelled to let go the threads of business, to give up his daily occupation, and seek in change of scene and summer clime the treasure that is essential to all enjoyment of life. How he does chafe and fret. He imagines he cannot be spared; that without his agnes he cannot be spared; that without his fingers are essential in the pie; but with misfortune's hand heavy upon him, he sooner or later learns resignation to the inevitable, and grows familiar with the fact that his present business is to get well—that nothing else will avail; that ambition, on a piazza, where the gay and giddy world can be seen passing as in a panorama before success, the amassing of wealth and hopes of fame are empty mockeries, when the power to achieve has gone, Another sort of brother encountered

everywhere is the crusty man—just ill enough to be cross, and cantankerous enough to fall out with everybody, and find fault with everything. He objects to children and their racket and their manners at table; he has a ferocious hatred of pianos and players of classical music; he despises the coteries of women who ait about the piazzas with their fancy work and monopo-lize the easiest chairs; he abhors jokes and lize the essiest chairs; he abhors jokes and enters into none of the sports; he wraps the drapery of his supposed superiority about him and holds himself high, holy and alone. The girls poke fun at him, the women laugh at him, and his state generally is that of chronic high dudgeon, which is not conducive to the cure of the inflavoration of his "bronical tubes," as most

THE BOARDING HOUSE AUTOGRAT. One of the prevailing types in almost every boarding house is the autocrat, not only of the breakfast table, but of dinner and luncheon and tea as well. He lays

especially in his animadversions upon women, that a bright little dame took it into her head to give him a "set down" in original style. She called a parlor meeting and unfolded her idea. As most of the boarders had suffered from his sarcasm they fell into the scheme with adder. had suffered from his sarcasm they fell into the scheme with ardor. The plan was simply to ignore all of his attempts at argument, all his flings at women, all of his sarcastic remarks. They were to be left to fall into a dead silence. When he attacked anyone, there was to be no reply, and the subject was to be changed by some of the conspirators immediately. The plan, it is said, has worked well. The moment he projects an argumentative assertion into the general talk, no reply is made, and the weather, or the text, or some subject foreign to his remark is brought into play. Any to his remark is brought into play. Any failure to carry out this plan of squelching an autocrat put a fine of 25 cents into the fund to buy euchre prizes. The poor fellow having everything his own wsy, and no excuse for falling upon anybody with an avalanche of words is profoundly puzzled, and deeply disgusted at he knows not what. GAY OLD MAIDS.

Independent old maids are all the fashion and all pervading at the winter resorts. How times have changed when women go hundreds and thousands of miles away from home without either a chaperon or champion, a guardian or a protector. They go into the offices of hotels and bargain for rooms and bully the clerk, and get the best the house affords, as well as any man, and perhaps better. In old times the maiden aunts who failed of a busband were content to exist, as it were, on sufferance. They did the drudgery of the family, earned and saved the money to send the boys to college, nursed their brother's and sister's children

nursed their brother's and sister's children through the mumps and measles and whooping cough, and made themselves generally useful, but received no salary and but scant consideration. But the old girls now get all of the fun there is going.

We have two in mind at present who have been "doing" the South all winter. With plenty of cash and good clothes, they have had a gala time. Although neither of them are young or handsome enough to be attractive, yet they can command every comfort and pleasure, and they glory in comfort and pleasure, and they glory in their independence. Judging by them, it would appear that old maids have the best of it as far as a good time in this world is

oncerned.
Other notable figures at Southern winter resorts are the men who have come down in attendance upon sick wives. These form an endless subject for talk upon the piazzas among the workers on sofa pillows and bureau scaris and tray covers. He who is attentive and devoted to his invalid companion comes in for no end of praise and appreciation, while he who more selfishly considers his own pleasure and amusement, gets pretty well scored all around.

SOME SERIOUS REPLECTIONS.

This type of man goes off on horseback excursions with the girls gay as a lark, while she whom he has vowed to love and cherish is left to the care of strangers and servants. This adds to the grievousness of being ill, and gives little encouragement to recovery, but then he says she is quite comfortable without him, and there is no sense in his losing everything. Most women would say that such a man was not worth having around, but still it is not conducive to a calm and heavenly frame to have a hus-band outrage all of the proprieties by flirtgirls, regardless of Mrs. Grundy. But the sisters have their eyes upon them, and that there is a rod in pickle for both classes may be safely assumed.

The W. C. T. U. sisters at the hotels and

cottages excite no little comment. Thei object in coming South is health, recovery from nervous prostration, general debility weak lungs and other addictions sent by neaven as trials of their faith; but, while they talk of prohibition in the parfor and wear their white ribbons on all occasions, they yet have to take tonics and stimulants and egg noggs and "sich," because the doc tor prescribes them. It is amusing, not to say amazing, to hear some of these good old girls discourse upon the wickedness of fer-mented wine at the sacrament, the propriety of teaching children through temperance text books that wine and all liquors are rank poison, and then contrast their theories with their practice of following the apostle's teaching by taking a little wine for the stomach's sake and a little whisky for the restoration of their health. It reminds one of the story of Susan B. Anthony of her visit to the editor of a health journal. This journal was devoted to the advocacy of vegetable diet, and was virulently opposed to the eating of flesh in any shape, manner or form, as a practice that was bar-barous, inhuman, and destructive of good health. Every month the magazine teemed with the horrors of flesh eating and the joys of vegetarianism—with the evils following the drinking of tea and coffee and the advantages of nature's beverage. When Susan B. came down to breakfast, however, there was the steaming fragrant coffee, and fuley steak fresh from the gridiron. "Why, bless my heart, how is this!" she exclaimed; "I thought you people were devout and rigid vegetarians, and ardent opponents of tea and coffee." "Well, Susan, you see, we say a good deal more than we do," was the reply, as this editor, who was the oracle of vegetarianism served out the steak and rianism, served out the steak and gravy. The moral is plain.

In his book on "Jonathan and His Con-tinent," Max O'Rell describes how Americans enjoy themselves at the winter resorts in the South. He tells somewhat derisively of how they get up and breakfast and then sit on rocking chairs on the piazzas and wait for lunch time-then to rocking chairs again, where they wait for dinner-after dinner rocking chairs again until bedtime. This is a good deal the style of it in the Southern resorts, but the rather dull Frenchman seems to think they would be better engaged in picnics, and excursions, and fishing or going about, but if he had known Americans better, he would know that to many a rocking chair on a piazza with the pleasures of fresh air, warm sunshine, peaceful quiet and books and papers in the pick to go had to be the pick which was the pick with the pick to go had to be the pick with the is picnic enough. That to go helter-skeltering over the country in pursuit of pleasure and excitement is not the Ameri-can idea of rest. After the whirl, and excitement and madding crowd of city life, nothing for a time is more restfully blissful under Southern suns than a rocking chair

REST IN A ROCKER.

down the law on every subject. He pronounces the dictum in every case. He dominates by power of voice, length of tongue, and gift of gab everybody who ventures to utter a word of dissent from his views. He is usually much of a mugwump, and hence Republicans and Democrats are alike held up to scorn and derision on occasion. He assumes to be an oracle upon every subject. He takes pleasure in belittling everybody's riews.

In one case we hear of, however, the "autocrat" has been blocked in his little game. So obnoxious had he become, and especially in his animadversions upon

A LETTER FROM LINCOLN. A Model Epistle of Condolence Treasures

The following is a copy of an autograph letter of President Lincoln, which adorns the walls of a hall in the College of Brasenose at Oxford. Many American visitors to the famous English seat of learning have looked upon it with deep interest, and it is treasured by the authorities of the college, not only as a memento of the martyr President, but also as a model of clear English, gracefully expressing the highest sentiment:

gracefully expressing the highest sentiment:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, November 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Blxby, Boston, Mass.

Drar Maddam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to begule you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tandering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assaure the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REASONS

Why Aver's Sarsaparilla Is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleteriou ngredients enter into the composit of Ayer's Sarasparilla. -Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial

- Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

-Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians. -Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale

everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists. -Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine,

and not a beverage in disguise. -Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

-Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly con-centrated extract, and therefore, the most economical Blood Medicine in the

-Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present. -Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle,



BABYCARRIAGES From \$5 to \$45.

FLEISHMAN & CO.'S

New Department Stores. 504-506-508 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

He is the man with the greatest and best record of any man in his class. He served the U. S. Government twenty-two and a half years, as SCOUT, GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.

> In 1866 he conquered the largest savage tribe of Indians west of the Rockies; in 1873 he killed and captured all of the hostile Modocs, accomplishing more effectual service for the Government than any man, living or dead. He introduced Ka-ton-ka to

, the white people in 1876, and this simple Indian medicine has accomplished more cures than any similar medicine known to civilization. The

→* OREGON + INDIANS * first used it to eradicate the Poisonous Blood Taints contracted from the

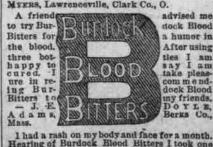
white adventurers. It cures DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DISEASED KIDNEYS. All druggists keep it. It has been imitated and counterfeited.

The genuine has the name blown in the bottle and a cut of the greatest

Donald McKay, on White Wrapper, Red Letters.

THEY BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

Last spring I was troubled with boils; one after another would present itself on my arms and body. I used one bottle of Burdock Blood best blood purifier I have ever used .- D. A.



The Cure of Obstinate and Chronic Cases of Blood Disorders that could not be reached by any other medicine is accomplished with flee dock Blood Bitters, from its combination of curative properties unknown to other preparation. It expels all impurities from the blood from the compron upsels of the compron upsels. I was troubled with an incessant itching of the akin for eight weeks, which became so had do mother thought she would be obliged to it to me from my studies. I began using Bur-doot Blood Bitters, and aithough have only taken one bottle am nearly cured. It is a valu-able modicine.—Howard Upright, Walkill,



For eight years I was a sufferer from estimate. Hearing of Burdock Stood Situative It. It cured them, and I have had revolbe from them since. —F. SPRENGE Breinigsville, Lebigh Co., Pa.

yM neck and cheeks were covered with larg

mps, and sores, that looked like ring worms,

BLOOD

taken off

on his lip.

it disap-